

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No. 1713, January 19, 1952

WEATHER REPORTS FROM THE SEVEN SEAS

Forecasters rely on news from sailors

By the C.N. Shipping Correspondent

Attention, all shipping! The Meteorological Office has issued the following Gale Warning . . .

BEHIND this dramatic announcement, which has become such a familiar interruption of our wireless programmes this winter, lies a world-wide network of communications which depends very largely on the co-operation of sailors themselves.

HEARTY EATERS

About a ton of food is eaten every year by the average American, according to a report of a team of British food producers who visited the United States.

They report that the produce of six million farms and fisheries, together with imported foods such as coffee, cocoa, tea, tapioca, and coconut, is prepared for Americans by 40,000 manufacturers. This is conveyed to the consumers by about 10,000 distributors via some 400,000 retail stores and an equal number of restaurants.

COWS ALL FORLORN

Edward Couzens of Brancaster, Norfolk, gave up farm work not long ago; one evening, for the last time, he tended a herd of cows which had been constantly under his care for 15 years.

Next morning the cows realised that their old friend was not with them as usual. They set off towards his house, broke through a hedge, and assembled outside his front door, moo-ing plaintively.

CRYING CORNER

A Roman Catholic church in San Francisco has a crying corner for babies.

It is a special sound-proof, glass-enclosed corner fitted with amplifiers, and it allows as many as 20 mothers with wailing or talkative infants to sit there and attend the services, without annoying other worshippers.

Off duty



There was no cause for alarm as these two firemen dashed off—to take part in a fancy dress parade for cyclists.

This week Captain R. D. Eckford, master of the Cuzco, is due to return to Liverpool from a voyage to the western seaboard of South America, and he will receive a presentation of a barograph from the Meteorological Office. He is one of the 500 masters of British merchant vessels who voluntarily send weather reports every six hours while their ships are at sea in all parts of the world.

These 500 British ships form a quarter of the world's weather-observing ships of every type—survey ships, liners, cargo-liners, and tramps. Each sends its reports to the nearest land. The system is truly international, and even Soviet Russia collaborates.

WHEN IT BEGAN

This service owes its inception to the great American naval meteorologist Maury, who instigated an international conference in Brussels in 1854, as a result of which international weather reporting began. Britain took a leading part, vigorously encouraged by Admiral Fitzroy, who had taken Darwin as naturalist aboard the Beagle, and who was then head of the Meteorological Office.

With the coming of radio, forecasting began. It is chiefly on the reports from merchant ships that our weather forecasts and gale warnings (which in their turn are of such service to shipping) are built up.

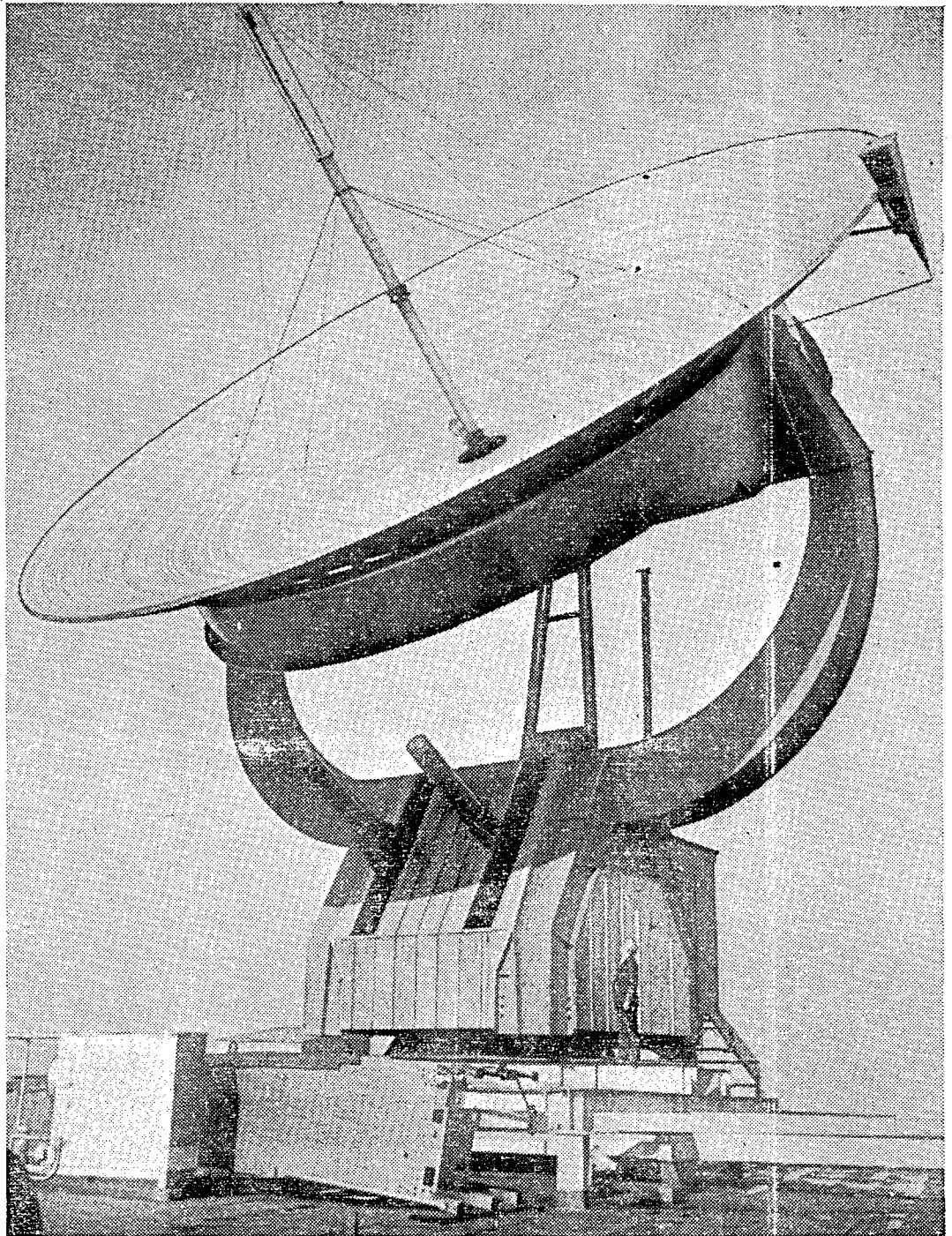
Messages are all transmitted in a five-figure international code, which is as easily understood by the Chinese as by the British. Messages coming to this country are received over Portishead Radio and despatched by the G.P.O. on teleprinter to the Central Communications Office at Dunstable. There the reports are rapidly co-ordinated and forecasts issued.

EAST AND WEST

As many as 80 to 90 weather reports are received daily from the Eastern North Atlantic alone—reports from the Western North Atlantic go to the United States or Canada. In addition to the merchant ships, Britain has four special weather ships, two of which are always on station in the North Atlantic.

Selected ships for the voluntary service are provided with special

Listening for other worlds



With this new 600-inch radio reflector, scientists at the United States Naval Research Laboratory in Washington are ready to receive signals from the Sun, Moon, or major planets. The reflector, weighing about 14 tons, has been mounted on a naval gun mount. The gun-like projections from the housing are the counter-weights needed to balance the reflector.

instruments for making observations. Mercurial barometers and barographs are designed to stand up to the pitch and toss; while the hygrometer, which gives the temperature and humidity of the air, is not only important for forecasting but gives useful information to the ship's officers for the care of cargo. The sea temperature is taken in insulated buckets, rather like vacuum flasks, which are dipped over-side.

Visual observations are made of the amount of cloud in "octas," or eighths, and of the height of the

Continued on page 2

SUIT FOR SOLDIERS

The United States Army is planning to dress combat infantrymen in a moulded plastic undergarment resembling sponge rubber.

This experimental suit would do away with the need for drying wet clothing in the field, but it makes the burliest soldier appear as if he had been "poured" into his uniform.

The synthetic material fits closely around the body, and though smooth on the outside is held away from the body by hundreds of tiny cushions. This permits air to circulate.

SUITCASE PIANO

Designed specially for school use, a portable piano has been produced which weighs only 35 lbs.

It folds up into a case which looks like a large suitcase, and can be carried about just as easily. It has a four-octave keyboard.

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THE HISTORY-MAKERS

By the CN Diplomatic Correspondent

The next few months may well turn the course of the world's history. If present-day politics and diplomacy were a chess tournament—as they sometimes appear to be—the situation could be likened to a new series of opening moves after sessions that have always ended in stalemate. Who are the history-makers, and what are their problems and hopes, as they make decisions fateful for years to come?

BRITAIN, the Commonwealth, and millions in Europe look almost tensely to the actions of Mr. Churchill.

Mr. Winston Churchill, President Truman, and Marshal Stalin are three men who by themselves could end the Cold War and turn the armed camps of the continents—well, if not quite into holiday camps, at any rate into communities where peaceful development was the aim.

Mr. Churchill's long-cherished wish is to be one of the architects of a new and real peace. Many times he has urged that the heads of the Big Powers, Britain, America, Russia, and France, should meet personally to find a way of dealing with all their problems.

RUSSIAN SUSPICION

Not much has been heard of such a proposal recently. America remembers the stalemate meetings of the Big Four in the post-war years, and shows little inclination to begin another series.

Russia, almost automatically, it seems, views with suspicion any suggestions arising from the West.

The British Prime Minister, however, has never been a man to pigeon-hole his most earnest ideas for long, and it is likely that more will be heard of this plan for a meeting with Marshal Stalin.

In the meantime it is expected that Mr. Churchill's visit to Washington will bring Britain and America closer, to their mutual benefit and a better understanding of each other's problems.

It is the first major step Mr. Churchill has made in his first three months as Prime Minister of a post-war Government to reduce the difficulties in the way of world peace. But whereas Mr. Churchill is at the beginning of a term of leadership, President Truman is in the difficult position of reaching the end of his term in office.

Next autumn another of the four-yearly Presidential elections takes place, and in the months preceding it American attention turns strongly to her own affairs. Both the main political parties—the

Republicans, who might be called Conservatives, and the Democrats, who have been likened to our own Liberals—are anxious to see a President of their own choice elected.

It is not known as we write whether Mr. Truman, who has upheld the Democrats since President Roosevelt died in 1945, will stand for election again.

General Eisenhower, the Supreme Commander of the North Atlantic Treaty forces, may be put forward as a candidate by the Republicans.

With these uncertainties American foreign policy might go through a period in the next few months when it is less decisive than usual.

On the other side of the international chessboard sits the enigmatic figure of 72-year-old Marshal Stalin.

Russia's energies and ambitions show no sign of slackening. In every quarter of the world her influence is felt, and from the Western point of view it is an undermining influence, draining resources and threatening peace.

FRENCH GOOD WILL

In France, for instance, for some years after the war, Communism looked like gaining a strong hold. Liberal-minded Frenchmen have now won the battle of ideas and ideals, and their zealous Prime Minister, M. René Plevin, has been one of those responsible for this development.

For him, too, the coming months are full of problems. Nevertheless, amid all the warm and sometimes bitter feelings which rival policies over defence, Parliamentary reform, and education cause in France, M. Plevin and his colleagues refuse to get excited.

As France is the very cornerstone of Europe her statesmen's attitude of businesslike tolerance is a guarantee that Europe will eventually prosper; and it was with the good will of the French Government that Mr. Churchill began his momentous talks in Washington.

WEATHER REPORTS

Continued from page 1

"ceiling," which is needed not only by aircraft but for forecasting. The force of the wind is estimated by the anemometer and by observing its effect on the sea.

Possibly the hardest of all to judge is the height of waves. They are also measured in "periods," the time taken to pass from crest to crest. The height of waves is usually exaggerated by landlubbers and writers, for they seldom attain 40 feet, and then only when exceptionally heavy sea and swell are running together.

For all this hard work the only

material reward received by the seamen concerned is the gift of a scientific or reference book to the master, senior observing officer, and chief radio officer of a ship whose log is deemed "excellent" by the high standards of the Meteorological Office. Sometimes, as in the case of Captain Eckford, officers who have given exceptionally valuable service over a period of 15 years or more may receive a special award.

But the weather-observing officers know that the forecasts based upon their reports materially reduce the dangers of the sea.

The fighting Bishop

Northern Rhodesia has a new Bishop, the Rt. Rev. F. O. Green-Wilkinson. He is only 38, a young man to hold such an important post, but his vast diocese (where he has just arrived) is not new to him, for before the war he spent a year there, and farmed in the Lusaka district.

Bishop Green-Wilkinson came to Britain to join a theological college, but war broke out soon afterwards and he joined the Army as a private. Rising rapidly to the rank of brigade-major in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, he was with the troops who prepared for the great battle of El Alamein in 1943.

A few days after General Montgomery had launched the offensive Major Green-Wilkinson was in the thick of the fray. The Germans poured heavy fire upon a British position in a small wood copse. The major promptly took

Expert advice



Juniors getting to grips with their badminton racquets under the watchful eye of Mr. W. H. T. Cooke, coach to the Wimbledon Squash and Badminton Club.

control and, displaying great coolness, repelled the attack.

Three months later, as the victorious advance swept on to Tunisia, the future Bishop again showed great gallantry when an Allied patrol was in danger of being cut off. Organising a base, he quickly brought 25-pounder guns into action, pushed through the patrol successfully, and destroyed several German tanks and much vital transport.

For these displays of heroism, Major Green-Wilkinson was awarded the M.C. When the war ended he went back to the theological college. Then he became an assistant priest in South Africa. Last month, he was consecrated as Bishop of Northern Rhodesia—one of the most rapid advances in Church history.

BRITISH BOOKS IN PAKISTAN

Some 2000 recently-published British books are being sent by the British Council to East Pakistan for exhibition during 1952. Throughout the tour the exhibition will be accompanied by a display showing the production of a book, from manuscript to completed volume.

News from Everywhere

FEWER AT THE ZOO

Attendances at London Zoo dropped last year to 1,968,576, which was 1,134,995 fewer than in 1950, a record year. The absence of a successor to Brumas, Festival of Britain counter-attractions, bad weather, and the higher admission price are all blamed for the decline.

British Road Services are to equip all their 40,000 vehicles with twin rear lights.

Following complaints of sheep-worrying by dogs, Bexhill Council have made a by-law compelling dog-owners to prevent their pets from straying between dusk and dawn.

NEXT WEEK NEW HANDWRITING TEST

ORDER YOUR C N NOW!

British European Airways and British Overseas Airways both operated without a single accident last year.

BETTER TEETH

According to a report in the British Medical Journal, five per cent more London schoolchildren had disease-free teeth in 1950 than in 1947.

Six boys yet to be chosen from King's School, Canterbury, will spend their summer holidays at a château at Fontainebleau as guests of Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery, a governor of the school.

A medallion has been issued by the United States Military Academy at West Point to commemorate its 150th anniversary, on March 16. It bears the words Duty, Honour, Country.

CYCLING MARATHON

Mr. Leonard Thomas Hemmel has cycled 7000 miles from his native Pakistan to London. He did the journey in six months at a cost of £120.

The British and Foreign Bible Society is sending to the Dalai Lama an inscribed copy of the Tibetan Bible bound in red morocco.

The Australian Federal Government is still considering a scheme to establish whole British communities and industries in the Commonwealth.

An official survey has revealed that New York's Negro population is now 1,012,883, an increase of more than 63 per cent since 1904. During the same period the average income of Negroes in the city has trebled.

LONGER WORKING WEEK

A return to a 44-hour working week instead of the present 40 hours is desired by most Australians, according to a public opinion poll.

Three 460-foot concrete caissons built for the Mulberry harbour to the Normandy beachhead, are being used for harbour extensions at Larne, Northern Ireland.

ECLIPSE WATCHERS

Britain and several other countries are sending expeditions to the Sudan to study the total eclipse of the Sun on February 25. It will last 189 seconds.

The remains of a Roman colony and fortress have been discovered during excavations in Basle, Switzerland. This is the first proof that the city was built over a Roman fortress.

Skarathi, the nickname of a Viking raider regarded as the founder of Scarborough in the 10th century, has been chosen from 300 suggestions submitted as the name for the new £25,000 dredger for Scarborough harbour.

The newly-formed London Schools Symphony Orchestra, composed entirely of boys and girls in their teens, recently gave a public concert at the Royal Festival Hall.

PLANE-SPOTTING COMPETITION

More than 50 teams of aircraft spotters have entered for the All-England Aircraft Recognition Society's competition at the Science Museum, South Kensington, on January 19.

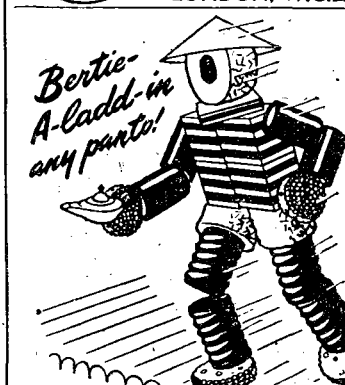
Eighteen timber tradesmen in Hamilton, New Zealand, have worked for six months to turn 1500 square feet of red pine into 118 panels, each nine feet high, for the United Nations building in New York.

**RARE
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LABELS FREE!**

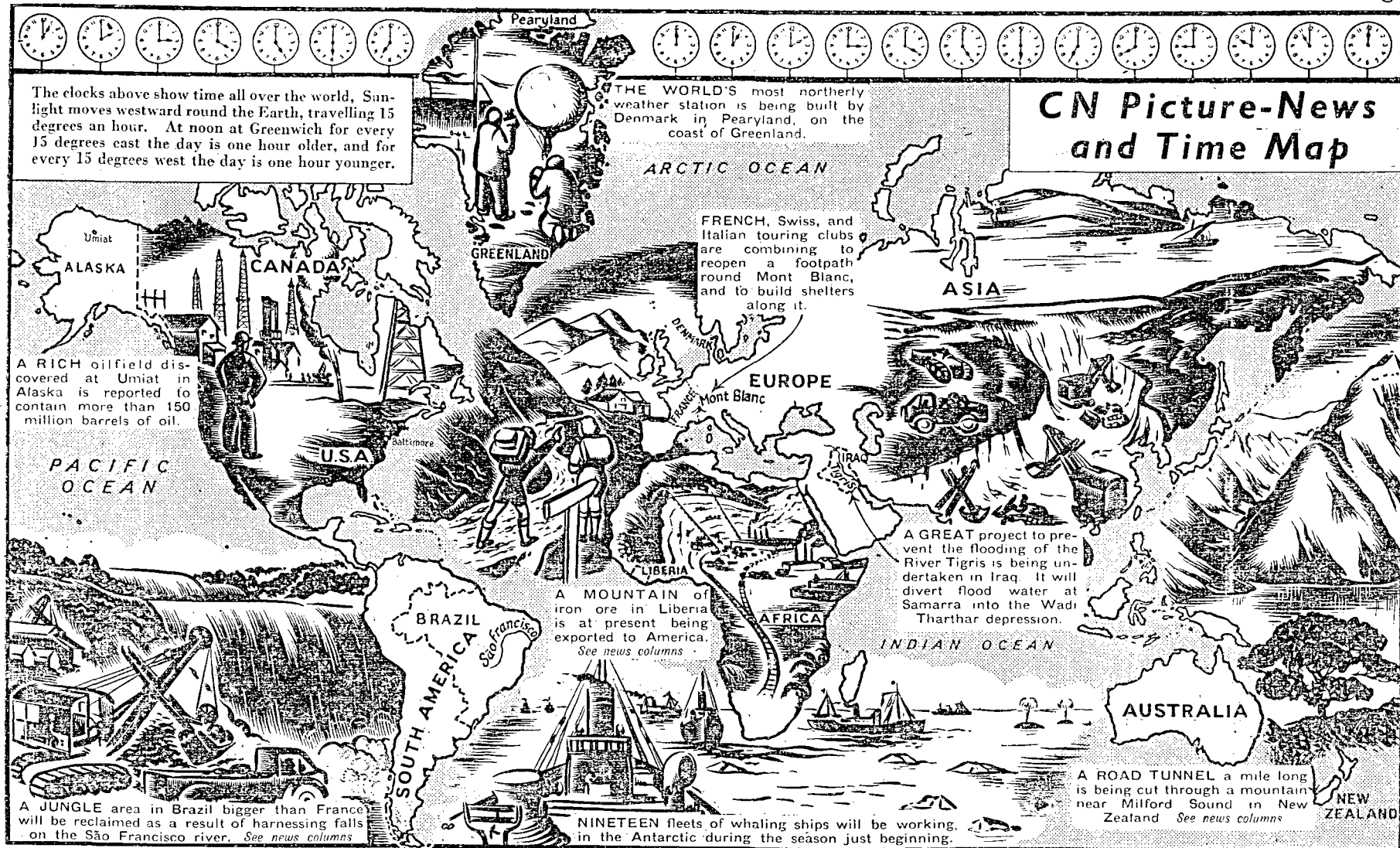
Do you collect matchbox-labels? The Scissors Club has been formed to encourage this absorbing hobby. It costs nothing to join, and members are offered badges, albums and 100 different foreign labels—all free of charge. There's lots of fun in being a philumenist (matchbox-label collector)—write to-day for the folder that tells you all about the Scissors Club, but please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.



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JUNGLE TOWN

Jungle and wilderness in Brazil, covering an area bigger than that of France, will be turned into fertile land with farms and factories as the result of work now being carried out in the valley of the São Francisco River.

The river is 1802 miles long and flows over the Paulo Afonso falls, which, in volume of water, are probably the greatest single power unit known.

It is this power that is being harnessed, with the help of £15,000,000 granted to Brazil by the United Nations Bank for Reconstruction and Development.

Already bulldozers are pushing back the wilderness, and in what was once desolate country around the falls a small town is growing.

The valley is potentially one of the richest regions in the world, with deposits of iron, manganese, zinc, copper, gold, and diamonds. *See World Map*

FOUR NEW COLOURS

Princess Elizabeth is to sponsor four new colours for textiles in her coming tour of Australia and New Zealand.

They are to be called Pacific Yellow, which is based on the colour of Australia's sandy beaches and of the crest of the Australian white cockatoo; Edinburgh Rose, a fresh pink colour; Tudor Cream; and Wildflower Blue.

An official of the colour Council has said that Royal approval of these colours will mean a great boost for textile fashion trends in Australia.

EXPORTING A MOUNTAIN

Thirty million tons of mountain 40 miles from the Liberian coast of Africa is being dug up and transported, shipload by shipload, across the Atlantic to America.

The reason is that this particular mountain is made up of the richest iron ore in the world. The best ores contain about 60 per cent iron; in this particular deposit it is nearly 70 per cent. And America, producing over 100 million tons of steel a year, is short of iron ore.

This Liberian iron mountain was discovered in 1934 by a Dutch mining syndicate, but they decided that it was impossible to get the ore out. The mountain is surrounded by a dense equatorial rain forest.

American engineers took up the

challenge shortly after the war and drove roads and a railway through the jungle, where the average rainfall is more than 18 feet a year.

The nearest port, Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, was modernised at a cost of 22 million dollars. Nearly two million cubic feet of rock and earth removed in making the roads was used to raise swamps and other low places.

The first cargo of ore reached Baltimore last June. To speed future deliveries four 22,000-ton ore-carriers are nearing completion in American shipyards, so that it will not be long before Liberia is exporting a million tons of ore a year—and this rate can be maintained for the next 20 years at least. *See World Map*

RECORDS RESTORED

Missing for 250 years, the register of vestry meetings at Warrington Parish Church from 1626 to 1700 was recently returned to the church.

"Stolen by persons unknown" in 1700, the register was discovered in Warrington Library.

FILM ABOUT SCOUTS

A film about Scouts and Scouting is to be produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer this spring. It will be called *On My Honour*, and its main theme will be the important contribution made by the Boy Scout organisation to the community in dealing with disasters and helping juvenile delinquents to become useful citizens.

CHARLES ROLLS OF ROLLS-ROYCE

The technical library of some 100 books and 150 lantern slides belonging to the Hon. C. S. Rolls, the famous motoring and flying pioneer, has been presented to the Science Museum, London, by his sister, Lady E. G. Shelley-Rolls.

To mark the gift, the museum has a small exhibit consisting of Rolls' first Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost car of 1907 containing his picture and several relics.

Charles Stewart Rolls was killed in 1910 while flying at the Bourne-mouth aviation meeting. In the same year he had crossed and re-crossed the Channel in 95 minutes, a wonderful achievement in those days.

THIS KIND WORLD

Captain Rocco de Villiers is the Chief of Police at Paarl, the rich fruit-growing centre in the Western Province of South Africa, but in his off-duty hours his great delight is to collect funds for the Italian Boys' Town at Modena.

During the war Captain de Villiers escaped from a prisoner-of-war camp in Italy, and eventually, ragged and hungry, struggled into Modena. There the partisans sheltered, fed him, and clothed him. Soon he was joined by a number of others until there was quite a South African colony in this friendly Italian city.

Back in their old jobs in the Union the men never forget the kindly treatment they received in Modena. Now Captain de Villiers and his friends are repaying a war-time debt by helping the orphaned children of Italian partisans who died in defence of their land. This they do by subscribing to funds for Modena's Boys' Town.

NEW TUNNEL DOWN UNDER

Men working two or three shifts a day are removing 10,000 cubic yards of granite-hard rock to complete the Homer Tunnel road link under a mountain to connect New Zealand's Fiordland with the highway system of the Dominion.

On the seaward side the tunnel looks on to Milford Sound, one of the scenic wonders of the isolated south-west corner of New Zealand.

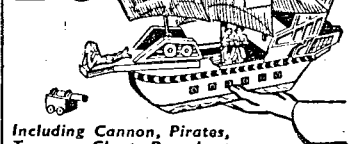
Later this year motorists will be able to drive to Milford Sound through the tunnel, which is nearly a mile long. *See World Map*

Build this magnificent

PIRATE CALLEON

ALL FOR

2/9



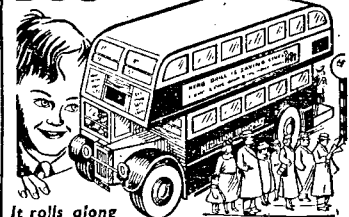
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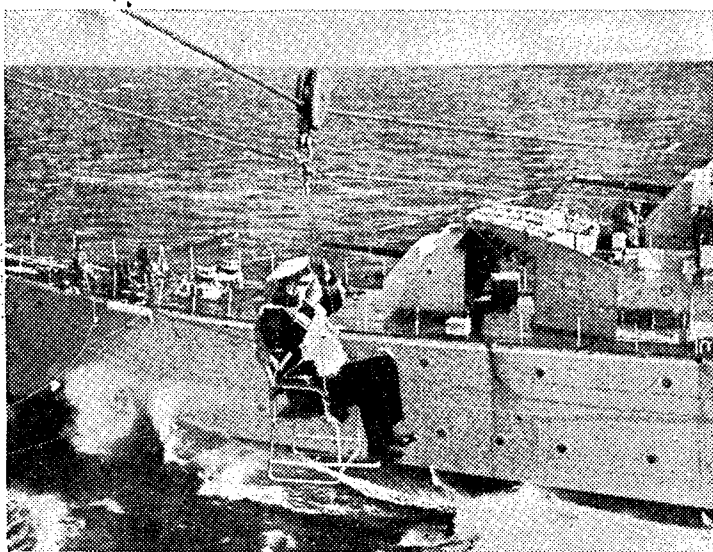
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Admiral ahoy!

Rear-Admiral A. K. Scott-Moncrieff, D.S.O., Flag Officer, Second-in-Command Far East Station, takes to the jackstay when transferring from the Australian aircraft-carrier Sydney to the destroyer Comus.

ANCIENT FAMILY HEIRLOOM

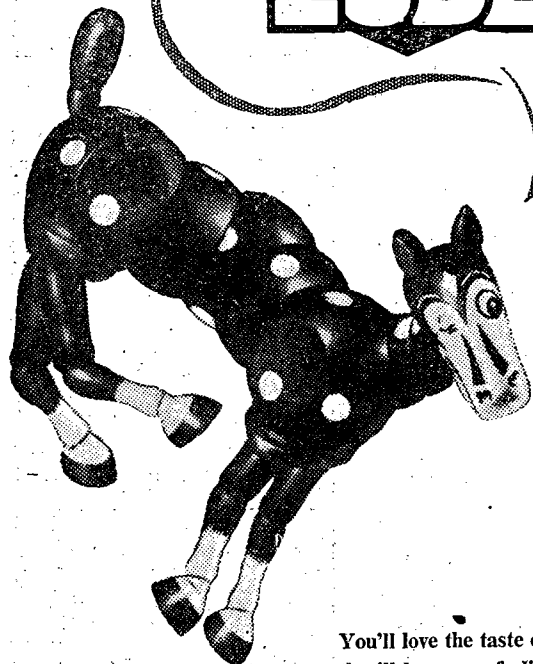
The Wade family are again in possession of the 34-inch rhinoceros horn which has been handed down from generation to generation since 1200. It is surely one of the oldest family heirlooms in existence.

The last of the family to own it was Mr. William de Vins Wade of Battailes, Essex. He left it to his wife, who married again, but now she has left it to Captain James Wade of Bentley, Hampshire.

Among the famous owners were the Elizabethan explorer, Sir Armagli Wade, sometimes called the English Columbus. It passed from him to his son, Sir William Wade, who was Lieutenant of the Tower of London when Guy Fawkes was imprisoned there; and later to Field-Marshal Sir George Wade, 18th-century road builder.

The horn may originally have belonged to a Viking who settled in this country in the sixth century.

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SALLY STILL ENJOYS A SMOKE

By Craven Hill, C N Correspondent at London Zoo

THE latest attraction at London Zoo is Sally, a cigarette-smoking monkey, a gift from Mr. L. C. Ottley, an engineer living at Hornsey.

Mr. Ottley, who is a "monkey-fancier" in his spare time, tells me that he has two other monkeys about the home—a West African Diana and a South American Woolly.

"Sally is an African White-collared Mangabey," said Mr. Ottley. "And a delightfully tame animal she is. I have had her for three years, and lately she has had the run of my private workshop."

"Her favourite titbit is a cigarette, and she asks for one by putting her paws to her lips and puffing. She smokes through a holder, and I keep one especially for her use."

Games played long ago

Many forgotten games of yesterday are on show in the former Debtors' Prison at York, which was opened last week as a branch of the nearby Castle Museum. Both these fine buildings were designed 250 years ago by the famous Sir John Vanbrugh.

The second floor of this new museum is devoted to toys, sports, and games. Here, for example, is the Royal and Most Pleasant Game of Goose, popular in the reign of George III and played with counters and a dice, after the manner of snakes and ladders.

Then there is Parlour Alley, a kind of bowls which was played in the drawing-room; and Pope-Joan, a card game in which stakes were placed by each player in a special kind of bowl-shaped container divided into sections.

Packs of playing cards dating from the year 1700 are also on show. Prior to 1825 the kings, queens, and knaves had legs like normal human beings instead of appearing as two-headed freaks. Also, many packs did not figure royalty, but had political leaders or popular heroes as "court" cards. Nor was it essential to have spades, hearts, diamonds, clubs; the deputy curator of the Castle Museum himself owns a set of cards with four flowers instead.

ROMAN DICE

Among the dice there is a Roman one which was unearthed during recent excavations in York. The numbers on it are arranged differently from those used today, for the four is opposite to the five and the two to the three.

Old sports include the once popular hawking. Here are a tiny falcon's hood with its hole for the bird's beak, a whistle that recalled the falcon, and a substantial glove which was worn on the left hand which held it.

Archery is also represented, and there is a section for tennis, with an 1850 racquet.

The prison cells below have been fitted up to show the vanished trades and crafts of Yorkshire; and on the floor above are displayed old uniforms and costumes, with tableaux of various periods.

"Recently Sally has been getting rather old, so I thought it would be kinder to let her end her days among her own kind at the Zoo."

Sally will certainly enjoy her retirement at Regent's Park. But there is one thing she will have to cut down—her daily smoke. Smoking by Zoo-monkeys in their cages is strictly forbidden, owing to the danger of setting fire to straw bedding. Keepers, however, will invite Sally to their kitchen occasionally for a quiet smoke behind the scenes.

THE Zoo has started the year with an exhibition, and at the Insect House visitors will find the menagerie's latest venture—a Moth Exhibit consisting of set specimens of 62 different species which have been caught in mercury-vapour traps set each night on the roofs of the Bird and Reptile Houses at Regent's Park.

"Altogether, since the traps were set going last July, we have caught no fewer than 74 species," Mr. L. C. Bushby, the curator, told me. "The average catch is about 150 a night. The main reason for these traps was to catch the moths as food for certain birds and reptiles."

"But although we have taken some thousands of the commoner varieties, we have caught one or two very interesting types, such as the Green Silver Lime (very rarely seen in London), and the Copper Underwing, which is usually seen only in rural woods."

ANOTHER insect venture by the menagerie is proving extremely successful. This is the locust room, built two years ago on the roof of the Reptile House, for the experimental breeding of

locusts. These also are wanted as food for various small birds and reptiles.

The locust room (not ordinarily open to visitors) is an odd-looking compartment surrounded by shelves, each holding large cases containing locusts of varying ages. In one the female locusts lay their egg-pods in little pockets of sand. Each pod contains a large number of eggs.

A fortnight later the "hoppers" hatch out and are then transferred to other cases, to be fed on grass until required as food.

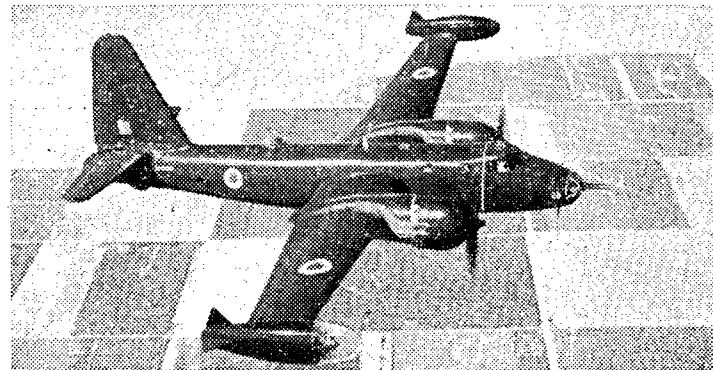
Many thousands of locusts have been bred here, and to maintain production fresh supplies are obtained from time to time from the Anti-Locust Control at the Natural History Museum. Breeding of the locusts is arranged by Mr. Bushby, who tells me that before long the room will be enlarged to include the breeding of flies and mealworms.

Zoo officials are now getting ready to value the whole of the Regent's Park collection, so that the amount can be included in the annual report in April.

I am told, however, that there will be little alteration in values this year. "The cow okapi, at £2000, still tops the list, with the gorilla and rhinoceros not far behind," said Mr. G. S. Cansdale, the superintendent.

One of the few sections where values have increased is the Reptile House. Costly inmates here are Marmaduke, the giant tortoise flown over here from Calcutta last spring; Kai-lung, the rare Chinese alligator; George, the old Mississippi alligator; and two 24-foot-long reticulated pythons.

PLANES FOR THE SPOTTER'S NOTEBOOK



5. The Lockheed Neptune

Twelve years ago Lockheed Hudsons of Coastal Command flew over the shipping lanes round our coasts by day and night to protect convoys from U-boats. Now, for the first time since those early days of the Second World War, Lockheed patrol bombers are again serving with the R.A.F.

The Neptune, or P2V-5, as it is known in the United States, has been designed to combat the menace of the snorkel-equipped submarine. It probably mounts more radar and electronic equipment for this purpose than any other aircraft.

Powered by two 3250 h.p. Wright compound engines, the Neptune carries a crew of seven

and a heavy armament of rockets.

In 1946 one of the early models established the present world record for long-distance flight, when it flew non-stop from Perth, Australia, to Columbus, Ohio, a distance of 11,236 miles.

The Neptune is one of the largest aircraft ever flown from a carrier deck. Rockets assisted it to take off from the deck of the U.S.S. Coral Sea, a most remarkable feat for a plane with a span only two feet less than that of the Lancaster.

Recognise it by its narrow wings, mounting tip tanks or radar scanners; deep fuselage; big twin-engine nacelles; and the outside fins and rudder. Span: 100 feet; length: 81 feet 7 inches.

ROUND THE TOWNS—Alan Ivimey takes a trip to the West Riding of Yorkshire and discovers the attractions of old . . .

RIPON

It was just about ten minutes before the nine o'clock news that I walked into Ripon market-place to see the Wakeman perform his nightly ceremony. For centuries the sound of the horn from the market cross at curfew time has warned the Ripon men that the watch (forerunner of the police) must be set for the night.

The beginnings of a crowd were collecting outside the town hall, for though the hornblowing normally takes place at the stone pillar which stands where the market cross used to be, on this particular evening a motley assortment of swings, roundabouts, and dodgems all being put together in preparation for "Wilfra" made it impossible.

If you have never heard of "Wilfra" anyone in Ripon will tell you that it is the Feast of St. Wilfrid, celebrated nowadays upon the Saturday before August Bank Holiday. Wilfrid, you see, was the first head of the monastery round which Ripon grew up. This was founded in the year 661, and the good old Saxon has been the patron saint of the city ever since.

So the preparations for "Wilfra" meant that the horn must be blown this particular evening from outside the town hall. Suddenly a small, oldish man appeared in an old khaki jacket, still older trousers, and a very large, wide-brimmed three-cornered black hat. The big ox-horn curving from his chin to below his waist was fastened by a leather strap over one shoulder.

HIGH above our heads, nine o'clock began to sound from the cathedral belfry. This was the hour of curfew, which, in the medieval England of wooden buildings, meant lights and fires out for safety during the night.

Then the mouthpiece was lifted slightly, the old man took a deep breath and . . .

I was prepared for something like the Last Trump, I think. But what came out of that ancient ox horn was the softest, lowest, shyest sound I ever heard.

Four times the long, thin sound came, more like a sigh than a blast, and then a man with a

spanner suddenly said, "All over!" and went back to work tightening the nuts and bolts on the supports for the swings.

ACROSS the Georgian face of the handsome town hall ran the famous inscription, *Except Ye Lord Keep Ye Cistle Ye Wakeman Waken in Vain*. Of course, "wake" and "watch" are just different spellings of the same Saxon word, and this hornblowing, repeated nightly from the four sides of the market cross since King Alfred's day, is still a reminder to all who witness it that behind inscriptions and old customs there are things worth preserving.

The Mayor of Ripon was always called the Wakeman until a new charter was granted the city in 1604. Hugh Ripley was Wakeman that year, but by the charter his title was changed to Mayor.

Ripley's house is still preserved, as a museum, in one corner of the market-place, which is, naturally, the centre of all that goes on.

RIPON has three rivers, the cathedral having been built in the angle where two of them meet. They are the Skell and the Ure. When, with the little tributary, the Laver, they have joined the Swale, coming down from Richmond, they together become the Ouse and flow through York to the Humber.

The view of Ripon I liked best was from the banks of the stony stream, the Skell, with the cathedral standing in kindly domination over everything.

This great grey building still keeps the little crypt of the modest



The market-place in the centre of the town

church put up for Saxon Wilfrid's monastery, and the various styles of the cathedral's construction remind you of the city's not always peaceful past—of the sacking by invading Danes, the holding to ransom by raiding Scots, the triumphal start and mournful end of The Rising of the North, and so on.

But the chief memory I carried away was of the soft, golden sheen of the organ pipes where nave and transepts meet, and which you see as you enter by the west door, all surrounded by a kind of silver-gilt light which seemed to fill the whole interior.

Besides being a market for a wide agricultural area, Ripon is renowned for making varnish, and I called at the impressively appointed offices of one of the factories which do this, alongside the River Skell. This firm was founded about the time of the French Revolution by a Ripon banker. It all came about because this kindly man could speak a little French and so was able to understand a secret of varnish-making told him by an unhappy refugee from France.

ABOUT 10,000 people now live in

Ripon, but despite new roads branching out and new housing estates it keeps its old centralised character. At eleven o'clock each Thursday the Corn Bell still rings, although the corn market has now dwindled to one small corner of the market square where, among the parked cars and market stalls, you can see a dozen or so farmers examining corn samples and talking together.

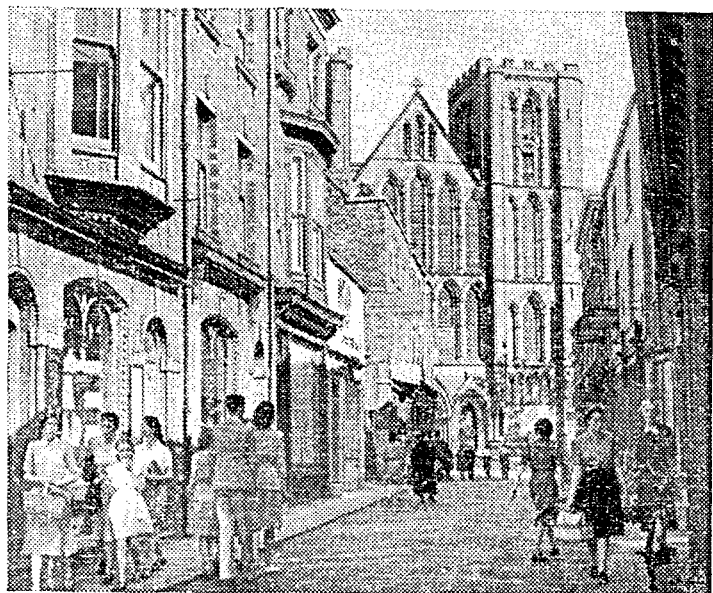
The day I was there these deliberations were somewhat interrupted by a smooth-tongued man in a very old Panama hat who was selling crockery. He had a motor-van where his grandfather would have had a wagon, but he did the selling as it has always been done in English country markets.

The salesman held up a teapot so that the handle was to his left, and assured his audience, mostly housewives, that it had been made by Josiah Wedgwood especially for a left-handed lady and that it would be sold, nevertheless, for two-and-six — two-and-five — one-and-nine — one-and-three — nine-

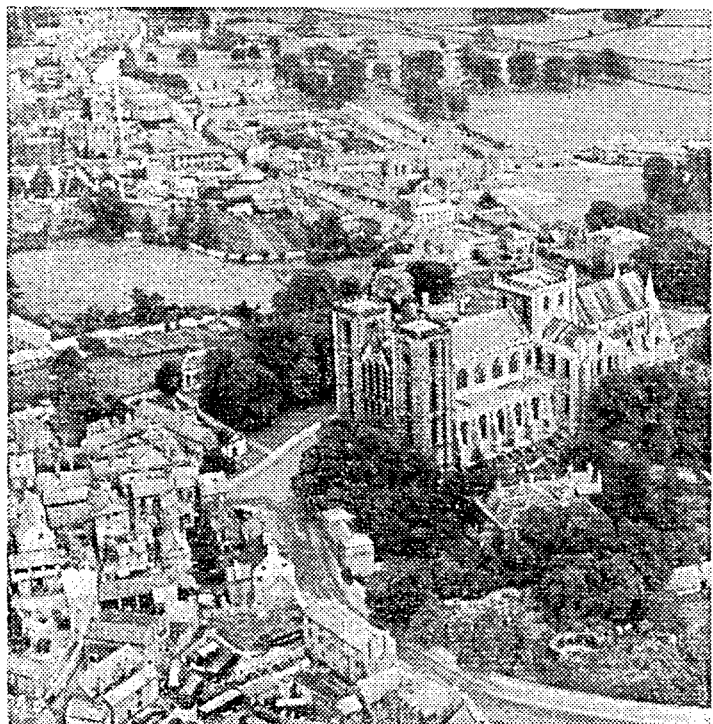
pence — thank - you - very - much - sold - to - the - lady - in - the - pink - hat . . . " and so on.

And all the while buses, coaches, and cars were arriving and departing. For Ripon is a fine centre for the Dales, either by road or, better still, on foot across the hills and moors, and holiday-makers are always passing through.

This old city stands about halfway between Edinburgh and London, and also halfway between the east and west coasts at Flamborough Head and Morecambe Bay. You might take it as a sort of text-book example of a good old English town; a town with an impressive past, a present, and most certainly a future.



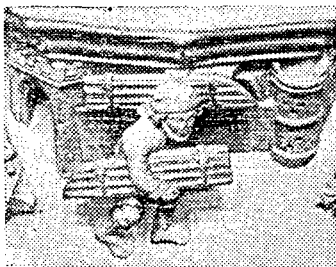
A glimpse of the cathedral from Kirkgate



Looking down on the cathedral



A 14th-century bench-end, with an elephant carrying a castle, on the bishop's throne in the cathedral at Ripon



A misericord showing Samson carrying away the gates of Gaza



The Wakeman of Ripon sounds curfew on his ancient ox-horn



The Wakeman's House in the market-place, now a museum

Children's Newspaper

John Carpenter House
Whitefriars · London · EC4

JANUARY 19 1952

MORE LEADERS NEEDED

THE call for more youth clubs is again being heard, and we sincerely trust that it will find immediate response in the right quarters.

Most boys and girls leaving school get plenty of help and advice; but there are still many thousands lacking the comradeship and the discipline which youth clubs provide. The solution lies in the creation of more clubs, and this will be possible only if more leaders are forthcoming.

A youth club is not merely a building well equipped for the recreation of young people; and it is not merely an organisation with a set of rules which have been drawn up by a watchful committee.

These things are important, of course, but a club with the finest building and equipment in the world may still be a failure if it lacks that spark of inspired leadership which the right man or woman can give—that spark which Dame Katharine Furse has aptly called “spontaneous combustion.”

So the prime need is more leaders, and the call goes out in 1952 to a new generation of young people willing to give their services to those younger than themselves, and thus carry on a fine tradition.



Under the Editor's Table

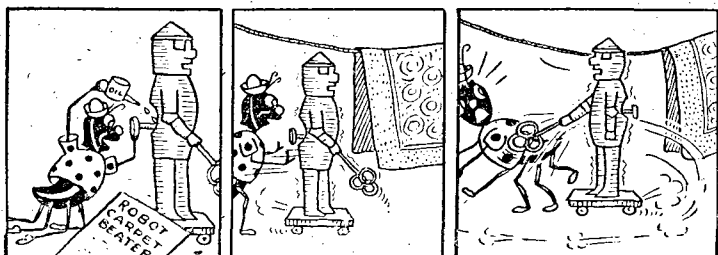
PETER PUCK
WANTS TO
KNOW

If there are lots of
contented cats in
Lapland

A critic thinks some children's books are too tame. They make him wild.

In the English temperament, says a writer, is an awareness of the drama of atmosphere. Also of the need for umbrellas.

BILLY BEETLE



Wise words on freedom

DR. ROBERT BIRLEY, Headmaster of Eton, recently gave his views on education for freedom.

“Freedom in an individual involves self-control,” he said, “and education for freedom must mean education in self-control. The idea that discipline in education is something opposed to freedom is a fundamental fallacy. Without discipline freedom is unattainable.”

Boys and girls, however, must be able “to see the point” of that discipline, he went on. “It must be something rational. Freedom should be regarded as something positive—the manifestation of creative energy.”

Most citizens of tomorrow will agree with him. At school, and in their youth organisations, they strive to acquire the sense of responsibility without which no community can remain free.

Le meilleur moyen

LET all French pupils learn English, and all English pupils learn French; that was the advice given recently by the French Ambassador. European unanimity would soon follow Franco-British understanding.

It is sound advice, for French and English are the two foreign languages most frequently used in other European countries.

It raises the question of the best method of learning French. A prolonged stay in France is the ideal way, but for most of us it is impossible. Gramophone records, wireless lessons, or bright picture books all help, of course; but nothing can entirely replace the old way of the French grammar book. Master that and the rest is easy.

JUST AN IDEA

The great Marshal Foch claimed but one merit—that of never despairing.

The Editor's Table

GREEN FOR PONIES

THE 18,000 ponies which still work in Britain's pits usually have their underground stables whitewashed—this seemed the most suitable colour for the dark. Now, according to a report of the Pit Ponies Protection Society, recent experiments have shown that the ponies themselves prefer their stables to be light green.

We are not surprised. Green is the natural environment for all living creatures, and if pit ponies could speak we should doubtless hear them babbling, like Falstaff, of green fields.

U.N. H.Q.



In this air view the United Nations Secretariat skyscraper in New York looks like a gigantic honeycomb.

Thirty years ago

AN astonishing thing is happening in England as a result of the prolonged drought. The rain supply having failed, men are turning to the dew to give them the water they need; and at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, a dew reservoir has been established, and has been working with great success since last November. The success at Hitchin has led to similar experiments in other parts of the country, and before long, if the drought continues, dew reservoirs may become general.

From the C N, January 21, 1922

JANUARY LANDSCAPE

DARKNESS and light reign alike. Snow is on the ground. Cold is in the air. The winter is blossoming in frost-flowers. Why is the ground hidden? So hath God wiped out the past; so hath He spread the earth like an unwritten page for the new year! Upon this lies white and tranquil the emblem of newness and purity, the virgin robes of the yet unstained year.

Henry Ward Beecher

The shape of trains to come

IT may be a comforting thought for many boys and girls that if they live to be 100 they will still be able to travel by train; for railways can never be beaten for certain kinds of traffic, a young audience was assured recently by Mr. C. Hamilton Ellis.

The railways of those days, however, may be strange things, he said. They might be automatic, like the Post Office tubes. Our juniors are likely to become giddy great-grandparents, shooting through tubes in trains without drivers or guards, and perhaps (though the lecturer didn't mention this) fitted with padded, foolproof, discarding mechanism to throw them gently into a net at their station so that the train does not have to stop.

One thing is certain: the train traveller of the future, whatever the conditions, will constantly remark that “trains aren't what they were in my young days.”

FIBSKI

ACCORDING to the paper, Sovietski Sport, the first bicycle was invented in 1801 by a Russian gamekeeper. Doubtless a rouble-kopek, from which we derived our penny-farthing many years later.

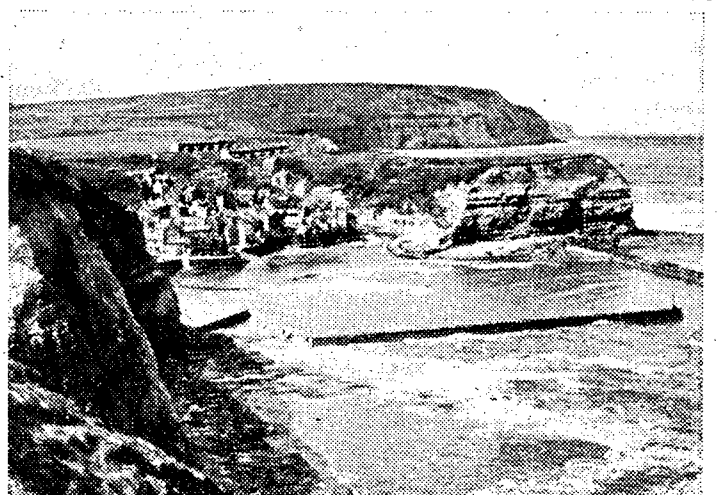
Cat from Raccoon

ONE of the domestic cats at Chester Zoo, noting how visitors often threw tasty morsels of fish into the raccoons' enclosure, decided to join them. She hopped into their enclosure and lined up with them for titbits.

The furry raccoons had no objection, and the cat made her home among them. There she raised a family of kittens, and they also learned to sit patiently and wait for titbits to arrive.

Now they are all great friends; but when the raccoons are in their trees, visitors are puzzled to see a line of eager but ordinary cats looking at them from the enclosure labelled “Raccoons, North America.”

One woman was heard to say to her children: “Our pussy must have come from Raccoon for they are exactly alike.”



OUR HOMELAND

The harbour of Staithes on the Yorkshire coast

The Children's Newspaper, January 19, 1952

THINGS SAID

BRITAIN's financial crisis is our crisis. Seeing that Britain is our main export market, where she goes we go.

New Zealand Premier

AT one time education was based on the three Rs; now it seems to be based on the three Ms—milk, meals, and medicine.

Mr. H. J. Weaver at schoolmasters' conference

I ALWAYS think that in this country we owe a great deal to our unpredictable weather.

Archbishop of Canterbury

I SUPPOSE that if one wishes to make a success of life it is necessary to string the bow of ambition with the single gut of concentration.

Mr. Harold Nicolson

HISTORY moves slowly, but there are times of decision that determine the course of events for a long time to come. Such a time lies ahead of us in 1952.

Mr. Trygve Lie, U.N. Secretary-General

LET us not yearn too much for life's fripperies or sink into the spiritual bankruptcy of always wanting something for nothing.

Australian Premier

IN THE COUNTRY

WHAT lovely sunsets the country-lover can now enjoy when returning from an afternoon walk by field and woodland! Behind the intricate tracery of the black leafless boughs of the trees the sun appears as a huge fiery globe suspended like a Chinese lantern against a backcloth of blue-grey.

Against the sun's red glow a wedge of wild duck, necks outstretched, provide a delightful cameo for a brief moment as they pass in front of the glowing orb, their forms jet-black and sharply outlined. They are off to their nocturnal feeding grounds on the marshes.

There is something peculiarly fascinating in that sunset picture to the bird-watcher; it recalls wild places, windswept salt-flats and lonely estuaries.

It is a beautiful picture, but so fleeting! All too soon the sun dips below the horizon, the crimson glow in the west passes into amber, and fades into a darkening sky.

The Children's Newspaper, January 19, 1952

ESKIMOS GO FISHING UNDER THE ICE

Eskimo fishermen are now busy again with their ice-chisels and nets, catching the great trout and Arctic salmon swimming in Northern Canada's waters beneath as much as 14 feet of ice.

They need the fish not only for themselves but also for their dogs. Fur-trapping is the foundation of life in the Northlands, and to trap, the Eskimo must have a team of well-fed huskies; and an average-sized team consumes some 30 lbs. of fish a day.

Frequent visits are paid to the fishing-holes cut in the ice, for



Breaking the ice

although the temperature of the water beneath the ice is little above freezing, the Eskimo keeps a close eye on his nets for two reasons: fish left in the water very quickly go "pappy," and a cold snap may thicken the ice and trap the nets.

The catch freezes almost as it is dropped on the snow, and in really cold weather, say 70 degrees F. below zero, or 102 degrees of frost, a fish will freeze so stiff within 30 seconds of being landed that it can be stuck into the snow like a stake.

The Eskimo also spends much of his summer and autumn trapping fish. He drops his nets into river, lake, and sea, avoiding sections of coast where the set of the tide and current carries drift-ice inshore.

His catches are heavy. One man will land 100 lbs. or more of prime char and trout in a week, and it is a bad summer when there



Taking an Arctic salmon from net

is no surplus to satisfy his winter needs in frozen fish-cream—a popular dish tasting rather like ice-cream flavoured with cheese.

Many of the larger fish are put to a novel purpose before being eaten. Timber is scarce in the Arctic, and over immense distances non-existent. How then does the hunter make his sledge? He lays two or three fat frozen salmon end to end in the snow, and rolls them in walrus hide. These "rolls" are bound with hide thong and dropped into the water. When soaked through, the rolls are hauled to the surface to freeze.

Lashed to an oblong of frozen walrus hide, such fish-runners can last hundreds of miles of sledge travel under loads of perhaps half a ton, and at the end of the journey the runners can be unrolled and the fish eaten.

Caribou, seals, walrus, and polar bear are becoming scarcer; but there is little fear of starvation for the coastal Eskimos, for the seas of the Far North are perhaps richer in fish than any waters.

IN THE SANDS OF TIME

The backbone of a dinosaur has been excavated at Tagoudit, in the Moroccan Sahara. A search is being made for the remainder of the skeleton.

Footprints of a dinosaur have been found in a piece of rock in a coal-mine on the Darling Downs, in Queensland.

BIGGER RAILWAY WAGONS

The biggest wagons ever built by British Railways are now under construction at the Shildon Works, near Newcastle; each will be able to carry 56 tons of iron ore, and it is hoped to have some of them in service early in the spring.

Made of specially toughened steel, each wagon has four discharge doors, which can be operated throughout the train simultaneously by compressed air controlled from the locomotive, or individually by hand levers on the wagon.

Three trains of nine wagons apiece will be able to convey 4500 tons of ore a day from the Tyne docks to Consett steelworks in County Durham.

When elephants go to school

An audience of boys and girls in London recently heard how a young working elephant learns its trade. The methods were described to them in a Royal Geographical Society lecture by the celebrated "Elephant Bill"—Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Williams, who has spent 25 years with elephants in Burma.

Auntie comes into the picture of a baby elephant's life; from birth until the age of five or six, the calf accompanies its mother and a guardian aunt. It is warned to mind tigers as children are warned to mind traffic. Then its schooldays begin.

Under the supervision of a tutor elephant, "whose brusqueness of manner does not entirely conceal a heart of gold," the calf starts to learn the elephant's alphabet—a series of 48 commands that may be spoken or communicated by tickling by the driver's toenail behind the ear.

HAULING LOGS

At 20 or 21 the elephant comes of age, and begins its working life in earnest, Lieut.-Colonel Williams continued. The young elephant has a young man astride its head and the two will continue throughout life as partners in the business of hauling logs to the watercourses in time for rains to wash them down to Rangoon.

Thus the elephant earns its keep, which is the not inconsiderable item of 600 lbs. of fodder a day, the equivalent of 6000 turnips.

"Not only is the elephant the most intelligent of animals," the lecturer told the children, "but the most dignified, powerful, and humorous."

There are bad elephants in about the same proportion as bad human beings, he told a questioner. As to white elephants, he himself had never seen one.

KEEPING FIT IN WINTER

12. Winter ailments

Prevention is better than cure. A truism, of course, but write it down and think about it. It will help to steer you clear of winter sickness.

Protection is a matter of habit. Write down milk, cod liver oil, raw green foods, fresh air, sound sleep, regular bodily habits, a cheerful disposition—and you have the antidote to winter ills.

Many winter ailments develop from the common cold. Sometimes you cannot avoid it. Help yourself, though, by gargling with a weak, warm salt solution. Keep away from crowded places if you have a cold coming on, or if there are many people with colds in your neighbourhood.

Anticipate the involuntary sneeze. Use a clean handkerchief. Guard your mouth when you cough.

If you are feverish, go to bed and obey the doctor's orders.

V. S.

Next week: Fitness and Study.

FROM STONECUTTER TO PREMIER

How a simple Welsh stonecutter became Premier of South Australia is recalled on January 19 by the centenary of the birth of Thomas Price. His story is an inspiring one of the fruits of hard work and enterprise.

Born near Wrexham, Tom Price went to a Church of England "penny school." But times were hard, and he had to start work at the age of nine. Young as he was, he showed himself remarkably adept in the stone-masonry trade.

At 16, he was a Sunday-school teacher and a keen spare-time student. Three years later he joined his father in a small family business.

Poor health prompted Tom to seek a better climate when he was 30. With his wife and child, he set off for Adelaide, only to discover on arrival that there was much unemployment. Nevertheless, he found temporary work as a clerk, and before long an opening came in his real trade of stone-cutting.

Some years later, Tom was transferred to work on South Australia's new Parliament House. Little did he realise, as he laboured on the stone, that he would one day stand in the imposing building as the State's head!

His interests rapidly widening, he joined literary and debating societies, and supported the cause of temperance. Poor conditions of life and labour aroused his sympathies, and he helped to form the new trade unions.

One day in 1891, he attended an election meeting. The advertised

speaker was delayed, and so well did Tom deputise that he was persuaded to stand for Parliament. Two years later he was elected as Labour member—with a majority of one vote! Opponents regarded him in those days as "one of those revolutionaries," but the years mellowed him, and by 1901, when he became leader of the Labour Party, he was widely held in affection.

SINCERE ELOQUENCE

A ruggedly humorous speaker, Tom Price had a great triumph early in his parliamentary career. A Bill was introduced to improve factory conditions, but the parties were equally divided. Price spoke with such sincere eloquence of the grim lives of women workers that a prominent Opposition member "crossed the floor" and so the Bill was passed.

The former stonecutter reached his highest office in 1905, when he became the first Labour Premier of an Australian State. Characteristically, he also took charge of the Ministries of Public Works and Education. He tackled many thorny problems, including the setting-up of wages boards.

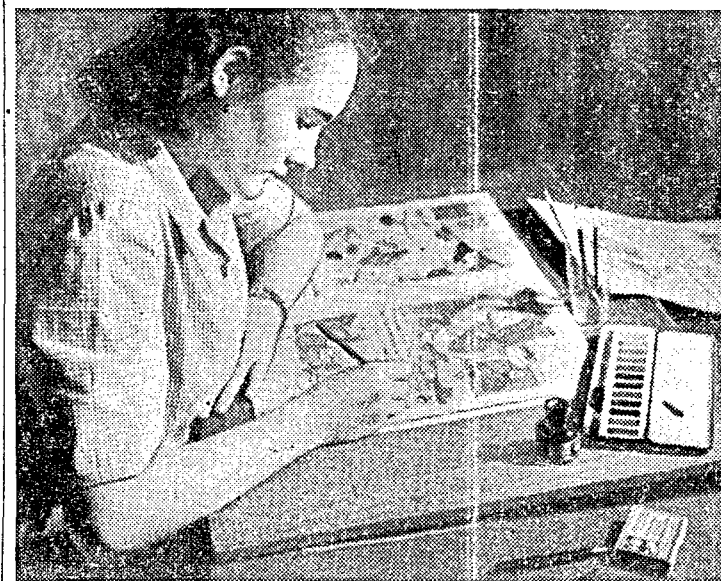
Tom Price died on May 31, 1909, widely mourned as hard-working Prime Minister of his State.

PROVERBS OLDER THAN THE PROVERBS

An American scholar, Dr. Samuel Kramer, has been translating proverbs which were carved on clay tablets some 3600 years ago in Sumeria, the ancient civilised land between the rivers Euphrates and Tigris. Probably inscribed about 1000 years before the Book of Proverbs in the Bible was compiled, these tablets are now in Istanbul Museum, Turkey.

One of the old Sumerian saws,

as true today as when it was first written, runs: You say nothing of what you have found. You speak only of what you have lost. Another states that a poor man is better dead than alive; if he has no bread he has no salt; if he has salt he has no bread. It reminds us of our own saying: If we had some eggs we could have some eggs and bacon—if we had some bacon.



Author—and artist

Sixteen-year-old Rita Farrance, of Whitton, Middlesex, illustrating one of the children's stories she has written, and hopes to have published shortly.

COMING NEXT WEEK

Another Great CN Handwriting Test

Details of the Fourth National Handwriting Test will be announced in next week's issue of CN. This great annual Test is now well-established, and there will again be a long list of prizes, totalling

£500 in value.

As usual, the Test will be open to full-time pupils at schools and colleges who are under 17, and the principal prizewinners will once more gain substantial awards for themselves and their schools.

Order your CN now

TRUTH ABOUT COWBOYS

When a deer escaped from Edinburgh's Zoological Park recently, Mr. J. Fairbairn, a real cowboy who had emigrated from Galashiels, recaptured it in true cowboy fashion, with a lasso.

As a result, Mr. Fairbairn was asked to give a talk on cowboys to 500 Edinburgh schoolchildren at the Zoo; and he turned up dressed in traditional cowboy dress, with ten-gallon hat and jingling spurs.

The spurs, he explained, were mainly for the benefit of the cattle. As they were rolled over the horse's skin they jingled, and when the cattle heard this familiar sound at night they were reassured, and did not stampede as they might have done at the figure of a man and his horse looming suddenly out of the darkness.

Cowboy stories that describe how the horse's bit or the cowboy's spurs were covered in blood could not have been written by men familiar with ranch life, Mr. Fairbairn reminded his audience. Cowboys thought far too much of their animals to do that; they were, in fact, renowned for their gentle treatment of their horses.

Nor did cowboys, contrary to many Wild West yarns, ever wear chaps of woolly lambskin. They wore chaps for protection against the cold or when riding through high thorn, and these were made from various skins—but not sheepskin, which is too soft for the purpose.

SAINT DUNSTAN'S PICTURE

The Goldsmiths' Company have just held an exhibition to honour their patron saint, the great St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury from A.D. 960 to 988. It included the figurehead of gilt and wood from the company's barge.

Made in 1680, this figurehead is five feet high and portrays Dunstan with the tongs which, as legend tells, enabled him to catch the Devil.

A drawing showing him kneeling before Christ, which was also shown, is claimed to be an original work by St. Dunstan.

Steps to Sporting Fame • Ken Middleditch



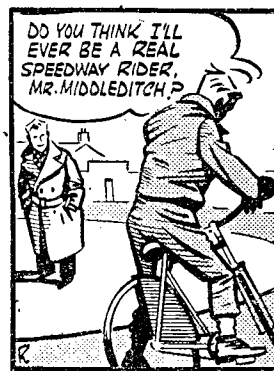
Two speedway teams are now touring overseas. One, in Australia, is led by Jack Parker; the other, in South Africa, is led by 26-year-old Ken Middleditch.



Ken is a native of Bromley, Kent. During the war, in which he was an air gunner, he started speedway riding on an airfield track in Egypt. Back in England, he took a course at a winter school, and in 1948 joined Hastings.



In one year he was the idol of the crowd. For his swift advance, he acknowledges the experience of his first visit to South Africa in the winter of 1948-49. When the Hastings track closed, Ken joined the Poole Speedway Club.



Well on the way to the top himself, Ken has never begrudged helping those who seek to emulate him, and he has given much of his spare time to the encouragement of speedway cycling, "younger brother" of track riding.

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE LAPWING?

Nowadays, writes a CN field naturalist, there are fewer of the handsome, unmistakable lapwings about than for a great number of years.

Some fortunate areas have a good many of these birds, which are also known as peewits or green plovers, but reports from most parts of the South, the West, the Midlands, and the North tell of quite startling reductions.

Where lapwings were at one time commonly to be seen on upland pastures, hillsides, and low-lying meadows, it is unusual to see more than a pair or two now; and from many districts the birds seem to have vanished completely.

For agriculture this is a serious loss, for this bird is by far the most useful of all our birds, and is rightly called "the farmer's friend."

Scientists have proved that lapwings eat about 90 per cent animal and about ten per cent vegetable food. Over two-thirds of the animal food consists of injurious insects, while the vegetable matter is nearly all composed of weeds and their seeds.

Although it does eat a number of earthworms, the lapwing feeds all the time on slugs, snails, wireworms, beetles, and the larvae of

crane-flies, the turnip and cabbage moths, and also of the yellow underwing moths, so destructive to the roots of meadow and ley grass, turnips, greens, and cereals.

Nor is that all. This noisy, energetic bird is extremely fond of the little meadow water-snail *Limnaea truncatula*, very numerous in most moist pastures, where it is the host of the early form of the liver-fluke disease in sheep.

ON THE UPLANDS

Although a true wader, the lapwing has long been a bird of arable land. Although in normal times there can be few marshes in winter without their lapwings, there are usually just as many wintering on the uplands and pastures in sedate company with countless hordes of rooks, jackdaws, starlings, and gulls. Ploughed fields attract them most, for there insect food is easy to come by.

Certainly the four large pear-shaped eggs, always beautifully marked with blobs of ochre, chocolate, buff, and chestnut, are much more difficult to find when they lie in their almost non-existent nest on the bare soil than when they are placed on the short turf.

The lapwing is a devoted parent, and will not hesitate to lure you away from the unhatched eggs if

you stray too close, nor to swoop repeatedly at your head with piteous cries if you do, indeed, discover them.

With the passing of the Lapwings Act in 1928, the taking of the eggs became illegal and the species benefited.

Like so many birds, lapwings suffered in the terrible winter of 1946-7. Being largely insect-eaters, with only short bills and no great powers of adaptability like gulls, magpies, crows, and most birds of prey, they found it difficult to pick up food from the frost-hard, snow-covered ground, and, as a result, many perished.

Yet it is difficult to believe that so hardy a bird should fail completely to make good nature's ravages within four years. Can the scarcity be due to some deeper change, one of nature's often unaccountable swings of the pendulum which, it is worth remembering, usually right themselves in time?

It will be a sad day for farmers and nature-lovers alike if there should be even fewer black-and-white lapwings on the uplands, dancing and tumbling in the March air, calling shrilly in a wheezy frenzy in their ecstatic courtship ritual, completely absorbed in themselves.

FROM MISSISSIPPI TO AMAZON

A former tank-landing ship which made her maiden voyage down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and helped in the invasion of Normandy and the South of France, is to sail the Amazon.

This ship, with bows that once opened to enable tanks and motor vehicles to drive in, was bought after the war by a New Zealand shipowner and has spent three busy years trading between Auckland, Sydney, Suva, and Pacific islands. Now, after a voyage to San Francisco she had been sold for use by the Peruvian Navy.

New Zealanders named her the *Rawhiti*, a Maori word meaning "the dawn." The Peruvians have renamed her *Chimbote*, after a port 200 miles north of Callao; and as the *Chimbote* she will make voyages of 6500 miles from Callao through the Panama Canal and up the Amazon River, to take supplies to Peruvian settlements on the eastern slopes of the Andes.

From Callao to these river centres is an airline distance of only a few hundred miles. The return voyage of the former tank-landing ship will be equal to a voyage half-way round the world at the Equator!

BIGGEST BOYS' BRIGADE COMPANY

The Boys' Brigade, pioneer among youth movements, began in Scotland over 60 years ago, and has since spread to many lands; and the biggest company of all you would find is at Ijebu, in far-away Nigeria.

The 1st Ijebu company was started in 1926 by the Rev. W. F. Mellor, a Methodist missionary. Now it is 500 strong.

During their annual camping period the 1st Ijebu always undertake some voluntary work to help the local community. One year they made extensive repairs to a compound fence, and the village chief was so pleased that he presented them with two fine sheep!

Until last year their captain was a Mr. Tunde Lawson, who is now at Oxford, studying economics.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR—PICTURE-VERSION OF THE ANCIENT STORY (final instalment)



The Old Man had a stranglehold on Sindbad. He signed to him where he wished to be carried to gather fruit, and kicked and pummelled him if he tried to resist. Even when he slept his legs maintained their grip.



Sindbad came upon some big dry gourds and, near them, grapes. It occurred to him that he could make wine. While the old man ate the fruit he squeezed many clusters of grapes into one of the gourds.



After days of this wretched life his rider happened to drive him back to the gourds, and Sindbad found that the juice had become wine. He signed to the other that it was a pleasant drink, and the dumb tyrant drank it all.



The effect of the wine made his limbs relax. Sindbad threw him off and ran to the island's coast. A passing ship took him off, and after trading profitably in coconuts, he went home with much to tell his friends.

A grand new picture-version of A. E. W. Mason's famous story, *The Four Feathers*, begins on this page next week

Grand new story by a famous author

THE BUCKINGHAMS AT RAVENSWYKE

1. Invitation to Whitby

THERE was no doubt that the Buckinghams were an unusual family and that, quite often, exciting things happened to them. This story of their most remarkable adventure really began on a summer evening when they were walking home together through the wood on the hillside above their home.

Simon, a tough 14, fair-haired and good-humoured, was walking ahead with his father and was wondering whether they would be back in time to hear the close-of-play cricket scores, when his sister, 20 yards behind with Mrs. Buckingham, called: "Wait for us, you two. Mother says she likes us to arrive home as a complete family."

Juliet was nearly 16 and the sort of girl people noticed. She had more than her share of good looks—ash-blonde hair, worn to her shoulders, and deep blue eyes. She carried her slim figure well.

The four of them stood together for a moment at the top of the hill, looking down at the roof of their cottage glowing in the evening sunshine, and then Juliet slipped her arm through her father's.

"I FEEL like something exciting happening to me," she said. "I remember you once saying that romance is round every corner—although it's never been hiding by the corners I go round—and that every time the postman calls he may be bringing tragedy or comedy. Those were your very words, darling. I remember them distinctly... Mother was just saying that she thinks Uncle Joe is going to ask Simon and me to London these hols. We should hate to leave you both but we do like London for a change. P'raps there's a letter from him waiting for us now?"

"That's jolly unlikely," Simon said. "Uncle Joe hardly ever writes a letter. He just rings up at the last minute."

There was a letter on the mat, however, though it was not from Uncle Joe. It was a big, bulky envelope addressed to "Juliet and Simon Buckingham."

"What did I tell you?" Juliet gasped, as she snatched it from her brother. "A mysterious letter. Look at the postmark. We don't know anybody who lives at Whitby."

"Open it and find out, you boob," Simon yelled.

"Good advice, darling," his mother said. "I'll go and feed the chickens, and you can tell us all about it at supper time."

JULIET ripped open the envelope and pulled out a bunch of music manuscript paper, each sheet of which was covered in black, scratchy handwriting. She turned to the last sheet and then squeaked with excitement. "It's from Charles. Charles Renislau."

"There's your romance for you, Julie," her father laughed. "I remember that young man. Now I'm going upstairs to work."

Juliet was rather pink as she pulled Simon down on the sofa beside her and began to read the long letter. They all teased her about the romantic-looking Charles with whom they had shared an adventure last summer, but she knew that they all liked him and would be interested in his news.

Charles Renislau was the 15-year-old son of an English mother

by **Malcolm Saville**

and a famous Polish musician. When they had first met him he had believed his father to be dead, for he had last been heard of at the time of the destruction of Warsaw in 1939. But Alex Renislau was not dead. He had been imprisoned by the Germans and later by the Russians and, after many years, had escaped to freedom.

Juliet and Simon had been with Charles when the news came that he was safe, and had watched him conduct one of his own concertos in the Albert Hall. After that the Renislaus had moved to London and Charles had gone to boarding school. Somehow they had lost touch, but they had often talked about him and promised that when next they went to stay with Uncle Joe they would see him in London.

Did You Know . . .

. . . that perfume is obtained from the Civet?



The Civet thrives in captivity and is kept for its perfumed substance, which is secreted in a pouch below the tail. This is compounded with other perfumes in the same way as musk, which it is said to excel. The Civet is particularly esteemed in the East, where strong scents are preferred.

It lives in wooded country, of tropical Africa, and has similar habits to those of the fox.

This long letter was typical of the warm-hearted, emotional Charles. His writing was very difficult, but even Simon was quiet as he tried to read as fast as his sister.

"THERE you are, Simon," Juliet said as she sat back and passed him the last sheet. "I had an idea something was going to happen. We're invited to go and stay with him at this place near Whitby, and Mrs. Renislau is going to ring up tonight. Do you think they'll let us go?"

"Of course they will. It sounds all right to me, and he's had an adventure, too. Or do you think he's made it up? You know what he is."

"Of course he hasn't. He's lonely up there and I think he wants us to cheer him up. Let's go and ask the parents right away."

Mrs. Buckingham was busy in the kitchen and said that it all sounded wonderful, but please would they wait until supper time as their father was in his study; they should know by now what that meant.

"Just calm down, Julie, and don't look so tragic. We're all anxious to hear about your wonderful Charles, but even he must wait for our supper."

And when at last they sat down together, Juliet, with the pages of the letter scattered round her, could wait no longer.

"Now, please, will you listen to this news, and please may we go and stay with Charles in Yorkshire? Mrs. Renislau is going to telephone at any minute. The trouble is that nobody in this house will listen to me."

Mr. Buckingham put down his knife and twinkled at her.

"The trouble is, my dear, that we so rarely have the opportunity of listening to anybody else, but if you would rather talk than eat, I don't see why you shouldn't."

Juliet took a deep breath.

"This really is exciting. I won't read you all Charles's letter, but he says that last term his father decided that he was tired of living in London and that as he was going to work on a new concerto he wanted to do it in the country, where the telephone and people didn't interrupt him all day long. Anyway, they've gone to a wonderful old house at a place on the Yorkshire moors called Ravenswyke."

"He says the house is rather mysterious, with lots of old passages and low ceilings, and it's about half a mile from the village. It's all very lonely and you can't see anything but the moors, and although he hasn't been there long I'm sure he's a bit fed up because there isn't anybody else of his own age, and that's why he wants us to help him explore the country."

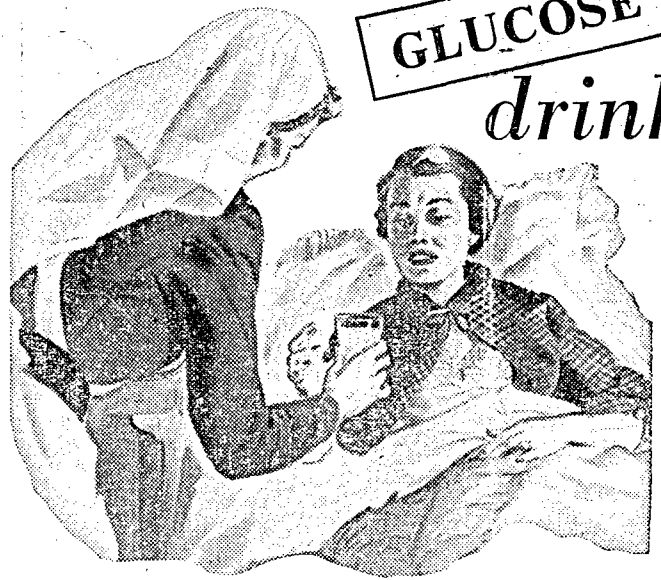
She took another deep breath

Continued on page 10

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STRANGE CUSTOMS IN THE HEART OF THAILAND

Although its hundreds of missionaries have had to leave China the China Inland Mission is still carrying out its adventurous task of reaching Chinese people wherever they can be found. It is opening up new areas in Thailand, Malaya, Borneo, Japan, and the Philippines.

One of its missionaries, Don Rulison, has been trekking in the far north of Thailand, where there are no sign-posts or trail markers, and where the ridges of the mountains are thickly wooded.

Over one ridge he saw two children of the Miao people standing on a pole ten feet above the ground. They directed him and his party down through the trees to the village of Little Water Falls, and the headman there invited them into his thatched, windowless house.

On the walls were axes, cross-bows, and the pipes which the Miao people used to make music. One man in the shadows was smoking a long bamboo pipe.

Staying the night in the village, the travelling missionaries saw the son of the headman take his knife from the table, sheath it, and put it in his belt, with his axe, and rush to the doorway. He then snatched at the pipes on the wall, and went dancing gracefully down the path playing a tune with a little boy following him.

Jumping on a barkless log, he danced a jig while the boy struck the log with his axe. Then, without breaking rhythm, the dancer leaped to the ground, glided down the hill, crossed a stream, and climbed into the wood beyond. Soon several other young men appeared with their pipes and axes, and disappeared on the trail of their leader. It was a prelude to the crashing fall of a great tree whose spirit demanded the ceremony.

The clanging of a gong in the late afternoon heralded an observance of devil worship. Beside the altar in the dark, windowless house were two sacrificed chickens, and nearby a heap of rice, and some silver rings.

At nine o'clock, the ceremony and supper over, a deerskin was spread out for the visitors to sleep on. One of them had his head close to a snoozing pig which lay on the other side of the house wall.

With a candle to guide them in the early-morning light, the travellers left the village at four o'clock, and at dawn emerged into a cornfield with a panorama of valleys and mountain ranges. Two tailless monkeys watched them from a tree, one coal black and the other brown. A yelling gibbon joined in the chatter as the party descended through the forest as remote as any in the world.

The Buckingham at Ravenswyke

Continued from page 9

and her mother said: "Now eat your scrambled egg, darling."

Simon, who had finished his, took up the tale.

"He says a lot about Whitby, and I must say it sounds a grand place. There's a harbour, and fishing boats come in every day and unload on the quay, and he says that not far off there's a place called Robin Hood's Bay which was used by smugglers. I think we ought to go because it sounds as if we should learn a lot."

"TELL them about Eagle Hall, Simon," Juliet interrupted. "No, I will. Listen to this," and she picked up one of the sheets and began to read: "There's a Mr. John Marsden here who has been very kind to us. His wife is dead and he's got a daughter, Felicity, of about 20 who is rather stuck-up. He's very keen on music and seems to have plenty of money because he's the head of a rather mysterious big house called Eagle Hall out on the moors about four miles from here."

"Father says this place is a sort of secret chemical laboratory. Quite a lot of people work there and live in the villages near, but it has a high wall round it and a gate which is only opened when you have told a porter what you want—"

"Tell them now," Simon pleaded. "Don't read it all."

"All right. This is what happened: Charles was out exploring and got lost in one of the fogs, which he says often come up suddenly on the moors in summer. Presently he found himself on the

road outside Eagle Hall and was nearly run down by a man in a car. He says he is sure that he had never seen this man before, although when he got out to see if he was hurt he stared at him in a very odd way, as if he knew him. Charles says that he asked his name and where he lived very abruptly, and kept glaring at him with his queer, pale blue eyes, so that he felt really scared, and ran off down the road in the fog.

"On the way home he met the girl, Felicity, out with her dog. He says it seemed peculiar for her to be out in such awful weather, but he didn't say anything about the stranger who had nearly knocked him down... That's all, really, except that Charles can't seem to get this man with the staring eyes out of his mind, and please may we go and stay with him? Mrs. Renislau is going to ring you up at any minute."

THERE was a long pause, and then Mr. Buckingham said, "I don't see why not, except that we're sure your Uncle Joe is going to ask you to go to London."

"Don't worry about that, Dad," Simon said. "We can always go to him a bit later if he'll have us, and maybe take Charles, too."

Before his mother could tell him what she thought of this suggestion the telephone rang and she went out to answer it.

"That's grand then," Simon went on. "I shall want a periscope... That's what I said—a periscope. I shall want it to see what's going on over the wall of that Eagle Hall place."

To be continued

The Children's Newspaper, January 19, 1952



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The Children's Newspaper, January 19, 1952

LONELY ISLAND'S LONELY BOY

Good fortune has come to three inhabitants of Great Blasket, largest of the Blasket Islands lying off the west coast of Kerry, Southern Ireland.

Gerald Keane, aged 4½ years, is the only child on the island, and the problem of his education has long worried his parents; for although there is a village school at Dunquin, on the mainland, the daily journey across Blasket Sound in a frail boat would be much too hazardous for a small boy.

It seemed that the Keanes would have to face a removal to the mainland when Gerald reached school age.

From time to time articles about the Keanes and their problem have appeared in American newspapers, and in response to one of them Mr. Patrick Fitzgerald, a wealthy Minnesota rancher, wrote offering to adopt Gerald and make him his heir.

The boy's parents, while appreciating the offer, could not bring themselves to part with him, so Mr. Fitzgerald, who has lost two children of his own, has now offered to take all three Keanes to America.

So before long Gerald will have his first experience of seeing trains, aeroplanes, and motor-cars, of buying sweets and toys in shops, and of having playmates of his own age.

BEN JONSON'S SCHOOL

The church school of famous St. Martin-in-the-Fields, successor to one attended by Ben Jonson, is to be reopened as a secondary school.

Closed in 1939, when the pupils were evacuated from London, the present building dates from 1830; but schools connected with the church have existed for several hundred years, and there is a record of repairs to one in 1571.

St. Martin-in-the-Fields was Ben Jonson's first school. His stepfather, a master bricklayer, lived in Hartshorn Lane, Charing Cross.

Later, the "rare Ben" went to Westminster School.

ROSE-COLOURED

A rose bush with flowers of three colours is a delightful novelty, and Masquerade is a delightful name for it.

It comes from America and has been sent for a two-year test at the National Rose Society's trial ground at Oaklands, St. Albans. Masquerade is a polyanthus, about two feet high, and its semi-double flowers are salmon pink, scarlet, and yellow. It is not yet on the market.

BULLDOZER BALES OUT

The United States Army scored a "first" recently when they dropped a nine-ton bulldozer by parachute. It landed safely and was able to go into operation almost at once.

In all, seven parachutes were used. The first one pulled the bulldozer clear of the aircraft, when six other larger parachutes opened to lower it to the ground.

SPORTS SHORTS

DUE to arrive in Britain this week is Argentina's leading football club, River Plate. They will play two matches against leading clubs in this country before carrying out a European tour. River Plate's ground in Buenos Aires can hold 155,000 spectators.

FOR the first time since 1912, Russia will compete in the Olympic Games. Russia will provide a formidable challenge in the athletic events; her athletes recorded the best performances in Europe in several events last year.

FOUR young British tennis players will compete in the Scandinavian championships at Stockholm next week—Gerald Oakley, Paddy Roberts, Susan Partridge, and Jean Quartier.

BRITAIN'S women's squash rackets team is sailing to America next Tuesday for the ninth Wolfe-Noel Cup match. Britain has won the cup five times, but only once in America. Janet Morgan, British champion (not, as stated in last week's C.N., American champion), will be anxious to regain the title she won in 1949.

DEREK PUGH, British quarter-mile champion, who was attacked by infantile paralysis while studying in Paris last year, will take up swimming when he leaves hospital. This will speed the complete recovery of his breathing system. Derek will not run at all this year; but he still hopes to win an Olympic medal—in Australia in 1956.

A GREAT Rugby match will be played at Twickenham on Saturday, when England will meet Wales. Although England are leading Wales by 27 games to 22 in the long series of internationals, they have not been victorious since they won at Cardiff in 1947.

AUSTRALIA recently retained the Davis Cup, largely owing to 24-year-old Frank Sedgman, whom the Americans were unable to beat either in singles or doubles. He enhanced his reputation as one of the greatest tennis players ever born in Australia. His greatest ambition is to win at Wimbledon.

EIGHT-HOUR SCHOOL DAY

Interesting sidelights on school life in former days are given in the manuscript of the original visitors' book of the Old Meeting School in Orchard Street, Kidderminster, which has just been given to the town's public library. It covers the years 1758 to 1826.

The 60 boy and girl pupils were taught to "read, write, and cast accounts," and even those who were four went to school for eight hours a day. The schoolmaster received £20 a year, together with a rent-free house "and one wagon load of coals to the value of 20 shillings."

FAMILY BIRTHDAY

Last month a Rotherham journalist named Stanley Crowther was blessed with a son and heir. Baby Crowther's great-grandfather was born on the same day in 1851; and great-grandfather's own great-grandfather was born on the same day in December 1751!

RUGBY LEAGUE football will be seen in London next Wednesday. At Stamford Bridge the New Zealanders, who have completed their tour of the Rugby League clubs in the north, will meet a British Empire XIII selected from Rugby League players. Normally, the only time the 13-a-side game is seen in the south is the annual Rugby League Cup Final, at Wembley.

MARGERY McQUADE, Australian and British Empire swimming champion, is training hard for the Olympic Games. Before breakfast every morning she swims 1½ miles, and then goes to school. She is the fastest 110 yards free-style woman swimmer ever to represent Australia, a land of great swimmers.

SOUTHAMPTON'S ice rink was demolished during the war by a land mine, but the stadium has been rebuilt and will shortly be reopened. Exhibition ice-hockey games will be staged there, but the organisers are more concerned at the moment in making the youth of Hampshire ice-minded, and a scheme for mass skating instruction of boys and girls has been arranged. Curling—or "ice bowls"—is also to be played on the new ice rink.

A FEW days after his 50th birthday, Henri Cochet, one of the greatest figures in lawn tennis in the past 30 years, was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour for his services to French sport. Cochet, who retired from active tennis last year, is now teaching the game to French Government physical culture instructors.

FOLLOWING father's footsteps is young D. J. P. Richards, of Barry Grammar School, who recently won the Welsh novice cross-country title. His father, Dai Richards, who is sports master at his son's school, was one of the greatest of all Welsh athletes. He won the Welsh senior cross-country title three times in succession; the University cross-country championship twice; dozens of titles at one and three miles; and set up several Welsh walking records.

THE TREASURE IN WASTE-PAPER

A man in Calcutta recently bought a quantity of waste-paper and among it found some 1854 stamps which fetched about £1400.

News of such a find may prompt some people to have a careful look through that pile of old paper which for years has been lying in the attic. In it they may discover much to amuse them if nothing of value—unless the thought occurs to them that the whole pile is of value to the country as Salvage.

SCHOOL GLIDER

One of the first schools in this country to receive one of the new single-seater Eon Eton primary gliders will be Roundhay School, Leeds. The glider will be operated from the school's playing fields to give cadets practical flying instruction. Initially, they will make hops of 40 to 50 yards while still anchored to the ground.

Do you write Poetry?

Here, within the Poetry Society, is the common meeting ground for poetry lovers and verse writers. The Society is now open to receive and welcome boys and girls as Junior Members. The subscription of 5/- per annum covers the new Quarterly Poetry Magazine "The Voice of Youth," in which space is devoted to poems by Junior Members, criticism of their work and answers to their problems. There are many interesting competitions.

For details apply to the Secretary, Poetry Society, (largest organisation in the world devoted entirely to poetry), 33 Portman Square, London, W.1.

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THE BRANN PUB

HARDLY ADVISABLE

THE two fathers were discussing the future careers of their sons. "My son wants to be a racing motorist," said one. "Well," mused the other, "I wouldn't stand in his way."

Beheaded word

IN me you often take delight. But, ah, young folk, beware; Take off my head, and then you'll see Me rise aloft in air. Again behead, transpose the word, And I'm a trap to catch a bird.

Answer next week

OTHER WORLDS

IN the evening Jupiter is low in the south-west, and Uranus is in the south. In the morning Venus is in the south-east; Mars and Saturn are in the south-west. The picture shows the Moon at 7 o'clock on Saturday morning, January 19.



Stop watch

LITTLE Paul had acquired his first watch. One day it stopped, so he took it apart and, inside, found a dead fly. "No wonder it won't go," said he, "the engine-driver is dead."

BEDTIME CORNER

BILLY MAKES A BIG SNOWMAN

BILLY and his two friends, Paul and Jean, were having great fun building a snowman. The snow was not very thick, though, and they had to scoop up every bit to make even a small snowman.

Then Billy said, "Let's clear away the snow from all the front paths. We can bring it back here and make our man much bigger."

So soon the paths of several neighbouring houses were clear, and the snowman gradually grew bigger.

They were just putting the finishing touches to it when Paul's mother came to the door. "Why!" she exclaimed. "You have cleared all the snow away. Here's threepence for your thoughtfulness."

She had just closed the door when Daddy came out. "Good show, youngsters!" he cried, as he saw the cleared paths. "Share this shilling among you."

Then two other neighbours thanked the children.

Billy looked at Paul. "You know, we didn't really earn this money," he said.

The children looked thoughtful. "We can't very well give the money back," said Jean, "but what we can do is clear the paths next time it snows—they've really paid us in advance."



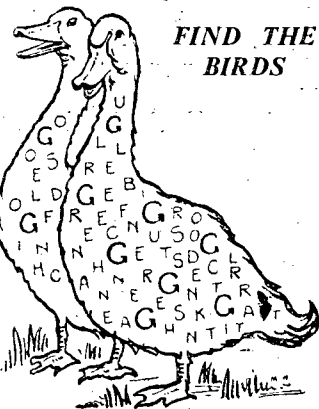
Jacko's newest winter sport was snowballing—with a difference.

THE NONESUCH LIBRARY

I WENT to the Nonesuch Library, and looked at the books in there. The first to draw my attention was Rubbish by I. D. Clare. I thought this highly amusing, but laughed much more, I own, At Broken Windows by Eva Brick, and Starvation by Norah Bone. Some others which made me chuckle were The Scholar by Izzy Sharp, Hidden Lady by Betty Caesar, and The Minstrel by Ida Harp, The Red Balloon by I. Bluett, The Peal of Bells by A. Ring, Hold Up by U. R. A. Bandit, and The Tiger by Willy Spring. A Thorny Problem by Rose Bush, reclined upon the shelf; If you like the Nonesuch Library, now make one for yourself.

Fun in the Snow

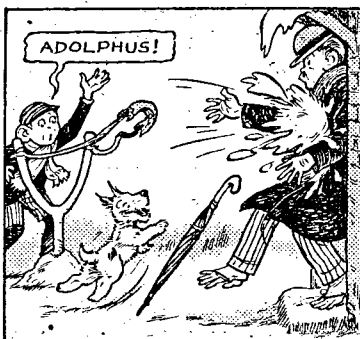
HURRAH for the glorious, dazzling snow; We rush for our sledges and off we go. Away to a field where the track's like glass, For the snow's packed tight on the frozen grass. As we skim down the hill at terrific pace, A happy smile is on every face. Though sometimes, of course, we do have a spill And go sprawling and rolling down the hill. But back to the top we quickly run. For we think that the tumbles are part of the fun.



HIDDEN in these two geese are the names of ten birds all beginning with the letter G. Can you find them?

Goose, goldfinch, gull, grebe, green-finch, grouse, guinea, goldcrest, green-shank, great tit.

JACKO'S CAPERS WITH A CATAPULT



But, of course, it soon caused trouble, as Jacko's ideas usually do.

Riddle-my-town

MY first's in bronze and brass. My next in lens and glass; My third's in take, not keep; My fourth's in crawl and creep; My fifth's in track, not trail; My sixth's in pin, not nail; My next's in tow, not tug; My eighth in hold, not hug; My last's in smile and blink—A town—or lake of ink?

Answer next week

RODDY



"But, Mummy, how does he get it under his chin?"

Thanks for the memory

No truer, kinder soul Was ever sped than thine. You lived without a growl, You died without a whine.

Conan Doyle writing of his dog Carlo

CHAIN QUIZ

Solutions to the following clues are linked together, the last two letters of the first being the first two of the second, and so on.

1. English civil servant (1815-1882) to whom we owe the pillar-box; his fame rests, however, on his novels dealing with the imaginary city of Barchester.

2. Name of two cities; the Australian one, just over 120 years old, is now more than six times the size of its ancient Scottish namesake.

3. A Babylonian maiden who was beloved by Pyramus; their tragic story is the subject of the burlesque play in A Midsummer Night's Dream.

4. English engineer (1813-1898) who invented a new steel-making process which was named after him.

Answer next week



Only Jacko's quick getaway saved him from the wrath of Adolphus.

COUNTRYSIDE FLOWERS

THE handsome marsh-mallow may be found on salt marshes and near the sea. Its purplish-coloured flowers are over an inch wide, have five petals, with six to nine bracts beneath them. The stems are stout, and the velvety leaves have serrated edges.

Botanically speaking, marsh-mallow is not a mallow, although related; it is also akin to the hollyhock. The entire plant is covered with white down.



Not quite what she meant

LITTLE JENNIFER walked into a post office and proffered five shillings.

"Please can I have a dog licence for father?" she asked.

BALD TRUTH

"I THINK you ought to charge less for cutting my hair—there's so little of it," said the bald-headed man to the barber.

"Oh, we don't charge for cutting your hair, sir—we charge for the time spent in finding it."

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

MOLES AND WEASELS. Three freshly-turned heaps of soil showed black against the gleaming snow in the meadow. "Moles are at work; that means a thaw," Don told Ann.

"Mr. Fox, the gamekeeper, will trap them, I expect," she replied.

"Not he; why should he?" Don demanded.

"He dislikes moles," said Ann.

"You're thinking of something else, I expect," laughed Don.

"Ann is quite right, Don," remarked Farmer Gray. "Some gamekeepers are of the opinion that the numerous runs and tunnels which moles dig help weasels to enter rearing fields unobserved, where they create havoc with eggs and chicks."

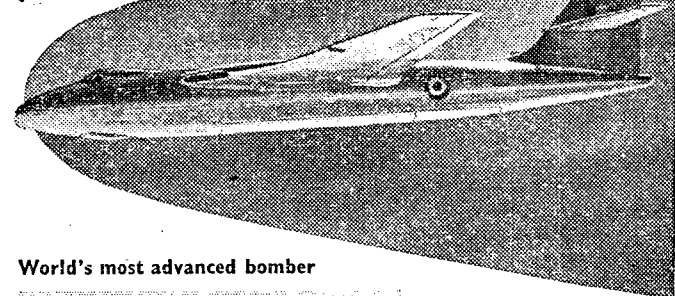
Maxim to memorise

IT is only when you are grown up that you realise how grand it is to be young.

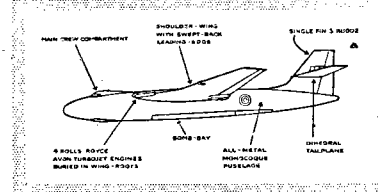
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Riddle-my-Town	MOTOR PTO
Aldershot	EVEN BLOB
What Am I?	TENSE ALE
Silence	N ELANDS
Chain Quiz	S STALE E
Figaro, Rousseau, Aurora, Raphael	CHASTE ET
Tree Quiz	RAT ERASE
Palm, date, chestnut, laurel, ash	ARID TRAM
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